THE VISITOR.

A SOBER GUEST, WHOSE PHILANTHROPIC VIEWS
ARE TO INSTRUCT, OR HARMLESSLY AMUSE.

No. 9.] *RICHMOND; SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1809.* [VOL. I.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

I am always pleased with the spontaneous effusions of nature, and have sometimes lamented that they should ever be fettered by the rules of art.

I have been astonished at the untaught eloquence of an itinerant preacher, the force of oratory displayed by an inexperienced pleader, & the amazing powers of voice & action exhibited by a young theatrical hero. But on cooler reflection we must be convinced that rules are no less necessary to the proper display of genius than the classing of plants by Linnæus was subservient to Botanical knowledge. If therefore you should think the following outlines on the subject of elocution deserving a place in your useful Miscellany they are at your service. We have many living examples whom we have frequent opportunities of hearing very capable of filling them up completely. Z.

Richmond, May 31, 1809.

The powers of oratory are exercised chiefly in the pulpit and the senate, at the bar and on the stage. In the pulpit, the sanctity of the place and the importance of the subject require in the preacher a style of complacency, benevolence and piety; and his voice should be perfectly consistent with these attributes. The Scripture itself is so nervous, pathetic and sublime that whoever shall make a proper use of it, even with common eloquence, cannot fail of convincing many, of pleasing and affecting all. The preacher should avoid all violence of gesture and acrimony of language; his conclusions should never be forced but drawn immediately from his text, to the matter on which he treats. His manner should be persuasive & not destitute of animation. He may employ the most brilliant figures of rhetoric, if he uses them judiciously; and they will form a fine contrast to the great simplicity, perspicuity and force which ought to compose the body of his sermon.

The declamation of a statesman in the senate should be such as is calculated to gain the *ascendancy* in a public assembly. He should *feel* the *force* of what he says, and endeavour to impress his hearers with the *sincerity* of his *internal sensations*. But nothing should be carried to excess. A pleasing tone of voice, a distinct pronunciation, a dignity of deportment, and a certain tranquility of countenance should constantly accompany the statesman when he speaks in public.

With respect to the bar: the orator must *affect* what he *does not feel*. He should take care however that there be no wild extravagance in his pleadings and not to let any appearance of affectation & hypocricy be visible. But above all things, he must never be trifling, flat or insipid.

We are now come to theatrical declamation. The theatre is intended to exhibit an *imitation* of nature, and not nature itself. Tragedy and comedy form pictures of human life, but it is necessary that they be larger than the original.

The pronunciation of an actor should be sonorous, distinct and pleasing, supported by the most just and graceful action; his declamation should sometimes *exceed* but never *lose sight* of nature. His tone of voice should be natural but always regulated by the extent of the theatre: sufficiently loud to be heard by all the audience but not so violent as to offend their ears. He who begins in a high tone will find it very difficult to *sustain* it through the whole piece; his voice will fail him in those parts which require the greatest exertion. The deportment of an actor should be perfectly easy, decent and proper, he should feel himself the very character he represents.

But notwithstanding all the rules that may be given, he who means to arrive at eminence must possess genius, application and judgment.

Just Published and for Sale at this Office,

A SERMON,

Lately delivered by the Revd. *John D. Blair*, on the "Impetuosity and bad effects of Passion; and the most like means of subduing it."

APHORISMS.

FOR THE VISITOR.

Human happiness is the theme of most moralists; but after being variously defined how little is it understood!

A man who suffers himself to be led into error, under the vain expectation of retrieving his ground when he pleases, forgets the inveteracy of habit and the uncertainty of life.

True delicacy and independency of mind, consist in being superior to actions that may wound the feelings of others, or reflect censure on ourselves.

The charge of ingratitude should not be indiscriminately made: the benefit conferred may perhaps be overvalued, and the inability or sensibility of the receiver not sufficiently understood.

We ought to be delicate in giving our opinion respecting characters: benevolence may be hid under the garb of moroseness, and elegance wear the mask of rusticity.

Avarice is a pernicious weed that winds round the human heart and saps the sources of its vigor.

We are apt to complain of deceptions from others, but the most dangerous deception is that which we practice ourselves.

Envy not only pursues merit but happiness: in the whole round of human enjoyment

"All is yellow to her jaundiced eye."

The pursuit of liberal sciences should be made conducive to moral purposes, that we may render up an account of our talents, with improvement, to that source from whence they are derived.

Uncouthness of manner and an excess of politeness may both proceed from the same cause and neither of them shew the real character of the man.

Singularities generally arise from some defect in judgment.

The man of virtue and talents who aims at popularity is embarking his best possessions on the surface of a tempestuous ocean.

Biography.

Although Biography may not be the most useful, it is doubtless the most interesting department of Literature. For the texture of our minds is such as leads us to read with avidity whatever relates to a celebrated character of any age or country; but when a contemporary and fellow-citizen becomes the object of popularity, we are, (or at least, ought to be,) still more desirous of information respecting him. And under this impression, we present our readers with the following sketch of the life of Judge Washington, up to the year 1801, *copied from a well known work entitled "Public Characters." For though he never reached the utmost height of popular admiration, he has always been so conspicuous for his private virtues, and professional integrity, that his character is both amiable and exemplary.*

MR. BUSHROD WASHINGTON.

The agitation of the popular mind of America, and the circumstances which have contributed to call this young gentleman forward so immediately after the decease of his late venerable uncle the General (of whom much has been already said, but of whom more yet remains than language can express,) has induced us to transmit some information which the public will doubtless expect concerning a candidate for the exalted station of Vice President of the United States of America.

Mr. Bushrod Washington is now about thirty-five years of age, of small stature, and comely or rather handsome person, having much of that placid yet manly firmness in his countenance for which his uncle was so truly remarkable. My informant had an early and suitable opportunity of noticing and pointing out to others present, several traits of future greatness which were discovered in this young man's deportment, before he was publicly known to be a *Washington*. His

CONSEIL A LISE.

Ah! jeune Liſe, prends-y garde,
Le mot *j'aime*, eſt plein de douceur!
Mais ſouvent tel que le haſarde,
N'en connut jamais la Valeur.

Il faut une prudence extrême,
Pour bien diſtinguer un *amant*.
Celui qui dit mieux, *je vous aime*,
Eſt bien ſouvent celui qui ment.

Qui ne ſait rien, parle à merveille;
Crains un *amant* rempli d'eſprit,
C'eſt ton cœur, et non ton oreille,
Qui doit écouter ce qu'il dit. P. C.

ABSENCE.

The cold and unfeeling may ſing
Of abſence the ſoother of pain,
But when love has planted the ſting,
Relief ſought in abſence is vain;
Unfeeling the bard and his ſtrain,
And little his knowledge of love,
Who preſcribes this cure for diſdain
Or think this its pangs will remove.

But you who have felt and who know
The terrible pangs of deſire,
The madd'ning, unſpeakable wo
That love without hope can inſpire;
O never too raſhly retire,
Tho' no glance of comfort remain,
And ſoon may you learn to attire
In the ſoft garb of friendſhip, your pain.
CALEB.

Lines addreſſed to ——— ——— on the death of their infant daughter.

Dear friends! from whom the iron graſp of fate,
Has torn the object of your mutual joys;
Accept a tribute to misfortune's weight,
The ſympathy that half our grief deſtroys.

To heal the wound that ſharp affliction gives,
To wipe from ſorrow's weeping eye the tear;
Exalts the heart, which whilſt it gives, receives,
And turns to joy, the woes it meant to ſhare.

Thus are we linked in Nature's ſocial chain,
Each ſhould partake the other's good or ill;
And man regardleſs of a brother's pain,
Does not the duties of his ſtation fill.

'Tis in the circle of domeſtic life
The ſocial virtues love to live retired
'Tis the dear names of huſband, children, wife,
By which the ſoft emotions are inſpired.

True to thoſe feelings all the mother ſpoke
Out at thine eye, when rapt in ſilent bliſs,
You leaned upon the ſleeping babe—nor broke
The mute devotion but to ſteal a kiſs.

How ſwelled thy boſom, oft as Fancy's eye,
The Father's ſoftened image, in its face,
With tender ſatisfaction would eſpy,
And in its beauties, every feature trace.

How beats thy heart with hope's deluſive dreams,
Whilſt buſy Fancy paints thy SUSAN grown;
How much alike the blooming roſe ſhe ſeems,
In fond imagination's mirror ſhewn.

Alas too ſoon the pleaſing viſion flies,
The beateous roſe-bud feels the froſt of death,
Thy fervent prayers all ſeeing heaven denies,
And in thy arms ſhe yields her lateſt breath.

O bleſt religion! Heaven's beſt gift to man,
Thou only menſtruum for the ills of life;
Thou teacheſt, all created things to ſpan,
And lifts us far above the worldly ſtrife.

Twas thou that taugh'ſt the mother to reſign,
The object deareſt to a mother's heart;
To yield her all to heaven and not repine,
To feel, and know they would not always part.

Nor will you part—a Providential eye,
Beams kindly on thy little band of love,
And ſoon or late when ſummoned to the ſky,
You'll form a happy family above. H.

Selected Poetry.

TIME.

How ſwiftly time flies; and the longer we live,
Still fleeter it haſtens away;
For what in proſpective ſeemed ages to give,
In retroſpect ſeems but a day.

I've gather'd life's roſes, and felt the ſharp thorn,
Which lay in the path where I ſtray'd;
The roſes were bright as the bluſhes of morn,
And alas! like thoſe bluſhes would fade.

The thorn ſtill remain'd and it rankled my breaſt,
When a white-pinion'd ſeraph appear'd;
It was mild *Reſignation*, ſhe ſoothed me to reſt,
And the path of my pilgrimage cheered.

She whiſpered ſo ſoft her voice ſunk in my ſoul,
"Vain mortal forbear to repine;
"If here the rude paſſions you learn to control,
"Know pleaſures eternal are thine."

She ſhow'd me a female, who, placed on a rock,
Immoveably fix'd ſeemed to ſtand;
The tempeſt beat round her, ſhe felt not the ſhock;
Toward heaven ſhe pointed her hand.

Behold, cried my comforter, ſhrouded in light,
The croſs deck'd with triumph appears!
Then ſay what you know in this valley of night,
Deſerving your hopes or your fears.

As ſhe ſpoke, ev'ry flower its beauty renew'd,
Her breath was ſo fragrant and ſweet;
And as the bleſt ſign of REDEMPTION I viewed,
The thorn pointleſs fell at my feet.

Then TIME'S rapid flight I no longer deplore,
His ſcythe without terror I ſee;
When his glaſs ſhall be broken, his reign be no more,
And ETERNITY open to me.

A SONG.

The roſe that weeps with morning dew,
And glitters in the ſunny ray;
In tears and ſmiles reſemble you,
When love breaks ſorrow's cloud away.

The dews that bend the bluſhing flower
Enrich the ſcent, renew the glow;
So loves ſweet tears exalt his power,
So bliſs more brightly ſhines by woe.

On Mr. Pope's Death.

Ariſe, ye glimmering ſtars of wit!
For, lo! the Sun of Verſe is ſet.

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MR. BUSHROD WASHINGTON.

The agitation of the popular mind of America, and the circumſtances which have contributed to call this young gentleman forward ſo immediately after the deceaſe of his late venerable uncle the General (of whom much has been already ſaid, but of whom more yet remains than language can expreſs,) has induced us to tranſmit ſome information which the public will doubtleſs expect concerning a candidate for the exalted ſtation of Vice Preſident of the United States of America.

Mr. Buſhrod Waſhington is now about thirty-five years of age, of ſmall ſtature, and comely or rather handſome perſon, having much of that placid yet manly firmneſs in his countenance for which his uncle was ſo truly remarkable. My informant had an early and ſuitable opportunity of noticing and pointing out to others preſent, ſeveral traits of future greatneſs which were diſcovered in this young man's deportment, before he was publicly known to be a *Waſhington*. His

remarkable attention to the long and intereſting cauſe of *Vaudruil againſt Randal* is one inſtance here alluded to; that remarkable trial which ſo greatly excited the public curioſity in Philadelphia in the year 1793.

We are particular in citing this early inſtance of juvenile aſſiduity, in as much as it applies to the baſis of a character which is ſelf exiſtent; which has already been miſtakenly tacked to family intereſt, and the intrigue of faction, in periodical prints; and which is very delicately placed on a more conſpicuous ground of reſponſibility and difficulty in compariſon with the exalted perſonage whom he was born to repreſent.

It is certainly ſaying a great deal for the man we are about to introduce, when we recite, from General Waſhington's will, that *unlimited confidence* which deviſed the family ſeat of *Mount Vernon*, with the private and public papers of the ineſtimable teſtator; but Mr. Waſhington has ſtronger claims than this to public patronage; he is one of thoſe valuable citizens whom ſociety eſteem for their own ſakes. Nature gave him a head and heart which ſtood in no need of party influence; and in America, or in any other country, where men dare to be free, and to ſpurn the artifice of corruption, he would be *called upon* to perform the duties of ſome important function.

In 1783, he ſtudied the law in Philadelphia; and, at the remarkable trial which we have juſt mentioned, he was one of the few of his age who were capable of a four days fixed attention to a caſe (which produced laughter in others) without an unbecoming ſmile from Maſter Waſhington; a caſe, indeed, which excited many an indecorous titter from men of riper years, who ſhould have given a more exemplary proof of their prudence. The abſence of my informant, for ſeveral years afterwards, denied to him an opportunity of detailing this gentleman's farther progreſs; but on his return, he found him diſtinguiſhed by the higheſt practice at the bar of the courts of juſtice in Virginia; where, even the preſent able Secretary of State, among others, will cheerfully ſurrender the palm of defence to his abilities.

The teſtimony of his uncle's will, is an incontrovertable evidence of his claims upon the eſtate at Mount Vernon, without derogating from the wiſdom or the juſtice of the donor. We do not, however find him taking any advantage of this claim, or courting the intereſt of a popular character, who, with every thing in his power, might have done any thing with honour. The ſelf-denial of General Waſhington had ſhut his hand againſt family promotion, preferring only thoſe who promiſed ſervice to his country in its poſts of truſt and profit, without ſubmitting to the temptations of relative reſpect. Independent of theſe we find Mr. Waſhington ſucceeding on the ſtrength of native talents; and even this among ſtrangers. He removed at an early period to the city of Richmond, where he ſettled, and where the comforts of a competency, with an amiable and exemplary wife, rendered him happy and beloved.

His truly domeſtic and benevolent partner for life is the daughter of a Mr. Blackburne, a gentleman of reſpectability, and of one of the principal families on the river Potowmack. In this inſtance of ſocial connection he ſeems to have ſhared in the good fortune of his uncle. Mrs. Waſhington poſſeſſes a conſiderable portion of the ſocial virtues of her ſex, and theſe are ſaid to ſhine moſt in the private circle of her family and her friends, or among ſuch as are in need of thoſe cheering attentions which her fortune and economy have enabled her to diſpenſe.

With reſpect to the military talents of Mr. Waſhington, it ſeems probable that the happy period which put an end to the American war prevented an honourable diſplay of them without leaving him a cauſe for regret. His mind is ſaid to be far above the vain glory of offending for the ſake of fame, and incapable of building up a reputation with the blood of his fellow creatures. At the ſiege of York, however, he very amply anticipated his uncle's deſire in the uſe of his ſword. Born to an ample fortune, nurſed in the lap of indulgence, and of a delicate corporeal frame, he cheerfully ſubmitted to the duties of a private ſoldier, on an active and hazardous ſervice in the very teeth of the enemy; he was one of a corps of young gentlemen, who went voluntarily into ſervice, under the command of Colonel Mercer (formerly aid-de-camp to General Lee), and was, on this occaſion ranked among the braveſt, the moſt active, and vigilant of theſe patriotic volunteers.

From ſuch a character, ſo happily connected and ſituated, every thing great and patriotic is to be expected; and that, if he ſhould be called to fill an important ſtation in the adminiſtration of juriſprudence, his abilities, firmneſs, impartiality, and moderation will be eminently conſpicuous.

CULINARY RESEARCHES.

ON SOUPS.

Soup is to a dinner what a portico is to a palace; that is to ſay, it is not only the firſt diſh but it ought to give a juſt idea of the feaſt, as an overture to a comic opera ſhould always announce the nature of the piece.

Thus if the dinner be rather a frugal one, conſiſting only of boiled and roaſted meat, poultry, and fiſh, the ſoup ſhould not be as rich as if the repaſt was more ſplendid; and though theſe kinds of ſoup are generally thought to be well known to cooks, yet often they are far from being good, as they require the greateſt care and attention; but if the dinner be one of thoſe in which the artiſt has ſtrictly adhered to the culinary rules, the ſoup ought by its excellence to announce the ſplendour of the feaſt. The various receipts that exiſts for ſoups would fill ten volumes.

ON DESERT.

Deſert is to a dinner what the ſky-rockets are to fire-works, the moſt brilliant part, and the one which requires the re-union of a crowd of agreeable talents. A good butler ought to be at the ſame time an iceman, a confectioner, a decorator, a painter, an architect, a ſculptor, and a floriſt; it is in this repaſt for the eye where you may ſee his talents expand in the moſt aſtoniſhing manner: there have been ſome feaſts in which the deſert alone has coſt twelve hundred pounds; but as this courſe ſpeaks more to the eyes than of the other ſenſes, the accompliſhed epicure contents himſelf with admiring it; a piece of ſtimulating cheeſe is more prized by him than the moſt pompous and ſplendid decorations.

We have ſaid that the deſert is to the courſes that precede it, what ſky-rockets are to fire-works, & if this ſimily be not exact under every relation, it will be owned, at leaſt, that it makes us comprehend that a deſert ought to be the moſt brilliant part of a feaſt; that its appearance ſhould ſurprize, aſtoniſh, and enchant the gueſts; and that if every thing that has preceded it has fully ſatisfied the taſte, the deſert ought to ſpeak to the ſoul through the medium of the eyes. It muſt excite a general ſenſation of ſurprize and admiration, which will put a finiſhing hand to the enjoyments in which the company have revelled ſince the commencement of the feaſt. This art, like many others, has made but very ſlow progreſs, and, as well as every other art, it is to the Italians that we are indebted for it.

Formerly our houſekeepers knew no other ſyſtem of arrangement than in the immenſe ſize of their joints, and the different ſhape of their diſhes; a heavy profuſion was the only merit of our moſt ſplendid tables: this vulgar ſumptuoſity atteſted opulence, but nothing in it announced either taſte or elegance. Paul Veroneſe's painting of the Marriage in Canaan, which is exhibited at the muſeum at Paris, will give you a juſt idea of the ſtyle which then reigned.

When the art of confection had attained ſome perfection, a new manner of ſerving up deſerts was invented; the happy combination of freſh with preſerved fruit, led to the idea of imitating the trees on which it grew; the Italians, who were the firſt inventors of this ſtyle, carried it to an eminent degree of perfection.

To increaſe the elegance of this ſervice, plates of the brighteſt metal were introduced, which were afterwards ornamented with looking-glaſſes; in the midſt of variouſly coloured ſands were painted flowers which produced the beautiful variety of a parterre, and to complete the illuſion, theſe parterres were covered with little figures made of ſugar, and very naturally coloured, which formed the repreſentation in miniature of a ſelect party walking in a pleaſure ground beſpangled with flowers.

It is ſomewhat ſingular, that the nobleſt and ſweeteſt deſcription of the ſong of the little plaintive warbling Nightingale, ſhould be the production of a proſe writer. Who can adduce on the ſubject, a morſel of ſuch impreſſive beauty as the following?— *

"But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes ſuch ſweet loud muſic out of her little inſtrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceaſed. He that at midnight, when the very labourer ſleeps ſecurely, ſhould hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the ſweet deſcants, the natural riſing and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and ſay, *"Lord, what muſic haſt thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when thou affordeſt bad men ſuch muſic on earth!"*

ISAAC WALTON.

CAMIRE.

AN AMERICAN TALE.

(Concluded from our laſt.)

Pedreras was not of a character eaſily to be gained over; his long experience, and the many dealings he had been concerned in, had rendered him ſubtle and ſuſpicious. While liſtening to Maldonado, he reflected that Camire belonged to the nation of Guaranis, in whoſe country he had heard there were numerous gold mines; and concluded, that it was from them our hero would derive his riches; and without ſhewing any reluctance at beſtowing his neice on the newly converted Chriſtian, he ſaid, "Holy father, the intereſt of Spain is the only one which occupies my thoughts; I have no deſire of increaſing my own fortune, but my moſt ardent wiſh is to be uſeful to my country. Your adopted ſon may aſſiſt me in this project: let him guide my people to a gold mine, and my neice ſhall be his.

This propoſal rendered Maldonado thoughtful; he, however, made Pedreras repeat the promiſe he had juſt made; and thinking that the governor could not revoke his word, he returned home and returned that anſwer to the youthful Guarani.

When Camire had heard the whole, his head fell on his breaſt, and his eyes were dimmed with tears. "Ah! my father," ſaid he deſpondingly, "Angelina can never be mine on theſe terms. To comply with the governor's wiſhes, I muſt make known to him roads of which the Spaniards are totally ignorant; & it is on this ignorance alone that depends the ſecurity of my brethren. Shall I then be a traitor who will conduct a fierce band of executioners in the midſt of my countrymen to annihilate them? No, my father; you would hate, you would deſpiſe your ſon; and how could I exiſt deprived of your eſteem?"

Maldonado embraced him, warmly applauded his noble reſolution, and confirmed him in the unſhaken principle of always ſacrificing his deareſt intereſt, his moſt ardent deſires, to the moſt rigid duty.—"Our paſſions," ſaid he, "have an end, our intereſts change, but virtue never changes. At all times, and in all parts, ſhe carefully recompences thoſe who ſuffer in her cauſe; ſhe conſoles them, ſhe invigorates them, makes them enjoy mild and pleaſing reflections, ſurrounds them with veneration and eſteem, attends them in the hour of death, and then takes her abode on the tomb inſcribed with the name which ſhe cauſed to be reſpected: theſe virtuous beings, and bleſſed by every worthy heart, excite tears of tenderneſs, regret, and admiration."

Deep ſighs agitated the unhappy Camire's breaſt, while liſtening to the Jeſuit. Irrevocably determined never to betray his countrymen to obtain Angelina, his only alternative was to attempt to conquer his ill-fated paſſion: from that moment he endeavored to avoid her with as much care as he before ſought to meet her; he ſeldom quitted his home, and devoted his whole time to ſtudy, hoping by occupying his mind, to be able to divert his heart. Angelina could not comprehend the cauſe of this great change of conduct; it at firſt alarmed her, and ſhe impatiently waited for an opportunity of coming to an explanation with Camire; but ſeeing that he no longer paid his uſual viſits to her uncle, neither meeting him in the fields, nor even at the tomb of his father, vexation and anger took poſſeſſion of her heart. She thought ſhe was no longer beloved, ſhe reſolved to become equally indifferent; and chance having one day placed her at church near Camire, ſhe affected to turn her eyes away from the unhappy Guarani, pretended even not obſerve that he was by her ſide, and returned home without taking the leaſt notice of him: this was a difficult taſk which the gentle and affectionate Angelina had impoſed on herſelf; but ſhe thought that after the victory ſhe had gained over her feelings, nothing would be impoſſible, and flattered herſelf that ſhe ſhould ſoon forget the object who then conſtantly occupied her thoughts.

Camire was in deſpair! He had ſufficient courage to renounce her he loved, he had deprived himſelf of the ſight of her; but he could not ſupport her diſdain, it had overpowered his ſoul; and not being able to find any relief for the torments he experienced, he ſought Maldonado.

"My father!" ſaid he, "hearken and forgive me; I find that I cannot conquer my love. I have ſtruggled againſt the dictates of my heart, I have employed all the ſtrength with which virtue and reaſon inſpired me; but I feel that Angelina overcomes every thing; I muſt leave you my father, I muſt depart. In the name of Heaven hide thoſe tears; I ſhall ſtay with you if you weep—I ſhall expire beſide you.—Let me return to my native woods: I ſhall come back again. If the project I meditate be not above the powers of a human being, I ſhall accompliſh it, I am certain I ſhall; and you will ſee me return with a clear conſcience, and one of the happieſt of men. Adieu! my father, my friend, my benefactor; dry up thy tears; it is not thy ſon who leaves thee, it is a miſerable maniac, devoured by a fatal paſſion which rules him at its will, which bears him far from thee, which conſumes him. It cannot, however, change his affection, or the gratitude which his heart ſtill carefully preſerves, though it be no longer his own."

After having ſaid theſe words, he ruſhed from the old man, who vainly entreated him to return; but Camire heard him not, and ſoon he was no longer perceptible to Maldonado's ardent gaze; who deprived of his beloved child, now thought himſelf alone in the univerſe.

Angelina was ſtill more to be pitied. Feeling all the pangs of a paſſion which ſhe vainly ſtruggled to overcome, ſhe had experienced as lively a grief as Camire, and had not one friend in whoſe boſom ſhe could confide her ſorrows. When ſhe heard of his ſudden flight, ſhe accuſed herſelf with having cauſed it, & ſhed tears of anguiſh at the recollection of her behaviour towards him when laſt they had met. For ſome time her mind was ſoothed with the hope of his return; but ten months having elapſed without any news of her lover, the unappy maiden determined, if ſhe could obtain her uncle's permiſſion, to paſs the remainder of her days in one of the converts which were already eſtabliſhed at the Aſſumption. On making her wiſhes known to Pedreras, he warmly ſeconded them: and on the ſame day conducted her himſelf to the ſuperior of the order of St. Clare, who immediately ſupplied her with the dreſs of a novice, and yielded to the governor's requeſt, that Angelina ſhould take the veil at the expiration of half the uſual period.

The miſerable girl would willingly have haſtened the time that was to ſhut her out from the world; the days moved on ſo tediouſly ſince ſhe no longer ſaw Camire! She thought that when ſhe had taken the vows, her mind would be more at eaſe, and that love would quit a heart which was devoted to God. She ſaw the wiſhed for time approach, and experienced a momentary joy.

The evening previous to the day appointed for Angelina to quit the world, the worthy father, Maldonado, on his return from viſiting the ſick, had ſeated himſelf on a ſtone bench at the door of his dwelling.—He was thinking of Camire, when he ſaw a man running towards him, who ſuddenly uttered a loud ſhriek, and ruſhed into his arms; it was he, it was his ſon! the poor Jeſuit nearly fainted; and Camire was ſo exhauſted with the haſte he had made, that utterance was denied him; and they entered the houſe holding each other, but without either of them ſpeaking. When their full hearts could breathe with more freedom, Camire ſaid to him: "It is I, my father; you again behold your ſon, and he has not diſgraced that title. I have neither betrayed my love nor my honor; I am, and can remain, true to my brethren and my Angelina. I am come to give up the gold mine which the governor required of me; and this treaſure is far from the road which might conduct him to my country."

Maldonado liſtened with tranſport to his adopted ſon, made him again repeat what he had ſaid, determined to conceal from him Angelina's intention, and repaired inſtantly to Pedreras that the ceremony might be put off, to tell him of the immenſe riches which Camire came to place in his hands, and to aſk the execution of his former promiſe. Pedreras renewed it with joy, wrote immediately to the convent, and by day-break ſet out with Maldonado, followed by a conſiderable eſcort, under the guidance of the young Guarani.

They marched the whole day, and at night ſlept under the trees: the next morning they continued their route among the deſert mountains which ſpread along the province of Chili. As they proceeded, Pedreras expreſſed his aſtoniſhment, as he had already cauſed this part of the country to be carefully ſearched, and no metal whatever had been found; but Camire's tranquil and confident deportment convinced him that they ſhould now be more fortunate. Arrived beſide a cave, formed by barren rocks, our hero ſtopped, and pointing to the entrance ordered the workmen to ſearch: he was immediately obeyed, and Pedreras attentively followed all their motions with the eyes of avarice. Maldonado, anxious and thoughtful, put up ſilent prayers, the object of were, for the firſt time, gold; Camire ſaid nothing, but his expreſſive countenance beamed with ſecret joy.

When they had dug to about the depth of five or ſix feet, Pedreras was the firſt who diſcried the ſhining metal; and uttering a ſhout of delight, ruſhed forward and ſeized with both hands a kind of reddiſh earth mixed with ſmall bits of virgin gold. This ſtratum was wide and deep; and ſeveral richer were found beneath the ſand which ſup-

ported it. Pedreras flew to Camire, folded him in his arms, called him his nephew, and ſwore to him an eternal friendſhip. Four mules were loaded with gold, and the mine was not yet exhauſted: the governor, declaring he was impatient to fulfil his promiſe, left a guard under the command of his lieutenant, and returned to the Aſſumption, accomption by the Jeſuit and his ſon. On their arrival, he conducted them to his palace, and when he had depoſited his riches in a place of ſafety, repaired to the convent to give orders for his niece's removal, and to tell her that the next day ſhe was to become the wife of Camire.

Words are too feeble to expreſs the exceſs of ſurpriſe and joy which Angelina experienced. She could not help fancying it was all a dream, ſo unexpectedly had it occurred; but, long accuſtomed to implicit ſubmiſſion, ſhe obeyed without aſking any queſtions. Her coarſe ſtuff garment was thrown aſide to be replaced by one of the richeſt ſilk, ornamented with gold; the bandeau was taken from her modeſt brow, and her long ſilken treſſes fell in graceful curls on her ſhoulders: the emotions of her ſoul ſpread a lively hue on her cheek; her eyes, which ſhe dared not raiſe from the ground, ſeemed to throw fire from beneath their long dark laſhes; looking a thouſand times more lovely than on the day ſhe had been ſo providentially ſaved from the ſerpent, ſhe repaired to the parlour where Pedreras had left the happy Camire alone.

On her entrance, our hero, bending one knee to the ground:—"Liſten to me, thou beſt & loveliest of women! before you comply with your uncle's requeſt, and learn the powerful motives which forced me to fly from you: to obtain your hand, Don Pedreras required that I ſhould put him in poſſeſſion of a gold mine. I knew of none but thoſe in my native country; if I had conducted him to theſe, I ſhould have devoted my brethren to the cruelty of the Spaniards: this, my Angelina, I never could have done: it is to you, I repeat it, at the moment when I behold you beaming with attractions, that I could ſacrifice my love to my duty and my country. But love inſpired me; I forſook my virtuous father, and returned among the Guaranis: their land teems with gold; with their aſſiſtance, during the ſpace of a year, I have been employed in tranſporting this gold to a choſen ſpot at an immenſe diſtance from the country where I found it; in collecting riches, not with the hope of becoming deſerving of you, but at leaſt to obtain your hand. A hundred times have I taken this long journey; and I would have repeated it a thouſand times had it been neceſſary.—Your image conſtantly accompanied me, and made me tremble leſt my gift ſhould not be of ſufficient value; but Pedreras has deigned to accept it; he does not know how to eſtimate the treaſure which he beſtows on me; but it is from you alone that I will to-day receive it."

Angelina liſtened to him with inexpreſſible delight. When he had concluded, ſhe preſented him her hand, but tears of joy were her only reply.

The tranſported Guarani conducted her immediately to her uncle's dwelling, where, the ſame night, at twelve o'clock, Maldonado beſtowed on them the nuptial benediction. Nothing could equal the happineſs they felt, unleſs it be that which the good Jeſuit experienced: they now thought that nothing could alter their bliſs, and that they were arrived at the ſummit of human felicity; but they were miſtaken, for fate had ſtill freſh troubles in ſtore for them.

The governor ſoon quitted Camire and his bride, to viſit again the gold mine, which was nearly exhauſted. Such immenſe treaſures ought to have ſatisfied his avarice, if it were poſſible to ſatisfy that rapacious paſſion; but having eaſily diſcovered that the earth, which had been ſearched, did not produce metal, he concluded that the Guarani was well acquainted with many extenſive mines from which he had drawn this gold: too rich, however, to dare to complain, and ſtanding too much in awe of the Jeſuit, to dare to wreſt the ſecret which was hidden from him by unjuſtifiable means, he determined to adopt a different method, but which nevertheleſs, conducted him to what he aimed at. He aſſembled the whole colony, and declared to them that he had received orders from the king of Spain immediately to proceed in his exertions to compel the ſavages to ſubmit to their government, & particularly the Guaranis: then turning towards Camire, whom theſe words had greatly affected, "My nephew," ſaid he, "it is in your hands that I place the intereſts of Spain; you are my adopted ſon, I give you the rank of my Adelantade;* and command you, in the name of his majeſty, to depart, with ſix hundred ſoldiers, to diſcover and reduce into ſubjection, the country of the Guaranis."

All the colony applauded this choice: the aſtoniſhed Camire had not the power of anſwering their congratulations; he was however, hailed by every one as the Adelantade. Pedreras renewed the orders he had given, and commanded him to depart before the expiration of the week.

The unhappy Camire flew with his wife to aſk the advice of Maldonado.

The worthy Jeſuit remained for a few moments wrapped in thought; then taking a hand of each, ſaid, "You are in a perilous ſituation; Camire neither can nor ought to obey. If he refuſe, he will be ſuſpected of treachery; in taking up his defence, I ſhall be thought as culpable; and the governor, I fear, is capable of any thing. You have only one alternative, which is to fly this very night and ſeek an aſylum with the Guaranis. I will follow you, my children; yes, I will, notwithſtanding my advanced age. Armed with the croſs, I will preach to Camire's brethren; I ſhall lead them to Chriſtianity, as I have led him. In that ſtate of innocence and peace you will always remain attached to each other; and I ſhall fulfil my duty, I ſhall ſerve my God, and my happineſs will be equal to yours."

After having diſplayed the moſt lively marks of gratitude to Maldonado, Camire and his beloved partner immediately prepared for their departure. Our hero procured a canoe, in which, as ſoon as the ſhades of night had deſcended, they all three embarked. Camire ſkilfully managed the oars, and they rowed up the river as far as the entrance of the mountains; here they landed, and after having ſunk their canoe, followed a deſert path which led through a thick foreſt; and, after continuing their route for three days, found themſelves in the midſt of the Guaranis. Camire met with a truly fraternal reception; he told them what had happened to him, and what he owed the Jeſuit; upon hearing of which, all the ſavages overwhelmed him with attentions, and inſtantly ſet to work to build him a cabin, and one alſo for Angelina and her huſband: theſe habitations were erected on large trees, and were entered with the aſſiſtance of a ladder, which was afterwards removed; this precaution being neceſſary to inſure ſafety from the intruſion of wild beaſts and inundations. Soon eſtabliſhed in their new abode, freed from all care and anxiety, and the troubles which men have ſo laboriouſly impoſed upon themſelves, dedicating their exiſtence to love and friendſhip, the happy couple taſted the ſweets of freedom and innocence united beneath their roof.

Beloved by that mild nation, Maldonado preached the precepts of his religion, and eaſily converted thoſe ſimple beings who witneſſed and admired his virtues.

All the Guranis were baptized, and became willing ſubjects to the king of Spain, on condition that he ſhould ſend among them no other miſſionaries than Maldonado's colleagues: the court of Madrid acceded to this propoſal, & Jeſuit miſſionaries were ſelected to aſſiſt this aged prieſt: this treaty diſpelled the fears of the Guaranis; they repaired to the Aſſumption, and divided themſelves into ſeveral tribes, each of which built a ſmall village, where, under the parental authority of a Jeſuit, every individual learned to cultivate the earth, and the moſt uſeful arts: the number of theſe tribes ſoon encreaſed; in 1734 they conſiſted of thirty thouſand families. Every village had its Alcade, which was annually choſen by the inhabitants: the vicar watched over the execution of the laws, which were neither numerous nor ſevere; the greateſt puniſhments conſiſted in faſting and impriſonment; and it ſeldom happened that there was any cauſe for their being inflicted; for this peaceful and innocent people had not even the idea of theft or murder, becauſe the Jeſuits did not permit any foreigners to enter their country: the ſmall tax which the king of Spain required, was eaſily paid by exchanging the ſugar, tobacco, and cotton, which a large portion of the land, cultivated by every inhabitant, who each dedicated two days in the week to this labor, produced: the overplus of this harveſt was deſtined for the ſupport of the ſick, the aged, and the fatherleſs. The young men were taught the art of war; on feſtivals they took from the public armoury their ſwords and muſkets, and after having been exerciſed, returned them again to the armourer. Often did the invading Portugueſe or Brazilians experience the effects of their diſcipline and their courage: the villages were filled with ſchools for the inſtruction of children in reading and writing; they were taught every uſeful art and trade according to the talents with which nature had endowed them; and nothing was wanting among them but luxury, vice, and poverty.

The author of this aſtoniſhing change, the young Camire, eaſily obtained the forgiveneſs of Pedreras; who, when the Guaranis left their native woods, had been put in poſſeſſion of the gold mines. He continued to rule under him with wiſdom, till the governor's rapaciouſneſs being made known to the court of Madrid, he was recalled, and his nephew appointed his ſucceſſor. Surrounded with affluence, Camire and An-

* *The next poſt after that of governor.*

gelina did not neglect their firſt and beſt friend, the aged Maldonado, who continued to bleſs them with his preſence and advice, and ſpent his declining years in happineſs beneath the roof of his adopted ſon.

DESCRIPTION OF THE THUILLERIES,

At Paris.

This ſuperb building, once the reſidence of all the pomp and magnificence of royalty, ſince the fatal ſcene of revolutionary turbulence, anarchy, and murder, and now the abode of the Emperor of the French, takes its name from the tilekilns (*tuileries*) which formerly occupied the ground on which it now ſtands.

It is ſituated behind the ancient palace of the Louvre, to which it is joined by a long gallery, celebrated for containing one hundred and eighty models of fortreſſes ſituated in France, and other countries, and executed by the artiſts with uncommon accuracy. It is compoſed of one range of buildings, with a dome in the middle, and a pavilion at each extremity. The large ſpace in front is divided into three courts, the whole adorned with columns, pilaſters, and various ornaments. In the rear of the palace are pleaſant and extenſive gardens, taſtefully laid out in fine walks, planted with evergreens, and embelliſhed with parterres. The beauty of the gardens is conſiderably heightened by three fountains, and an octagonal canal. The terrace toward the river Seine, is one of the moſt charming walks in Europe, planted with three rows of trees, about one hundred perches long, and eighty-four broad, commanding a moſt delightful proſpect over the adjacent country.

On the bank of the river, beyond the Thuilleries, is the place diſtinguiſhed by the name of *Le Cours*, compoſed of four rows of elms, eighteen hundred paces in length, and forming three avenues, which, taken together, are one hundred and twenty feet in breadth. The avenue in the centre, which is the broadeſt, affords ſufficient ſpace for ſix coaches to paſs a-breaſt. In the midſt of the *Cours* is a large ring, encompaſſed with trees, at the ſame diſtance from each other as in other parts of the walks.

The palace contains a magnificent theatre, and a chapel remarkable for the elegance of its internal decorations. The Elyſian Fields, ſituated near the gardens, are a very conſiderable addition to the magnificence and accommodations of the whole.

When Catherine de Medecis conceived the idea of erecting the building, ſhe employed Philip de L'Orne as the architect, who has, both by the plan and the execution, raiſed himſelf to the higheſt degree of eminence in the art. The Ionic order on the ground floor has been long and deſervedly admired as a *chef-d'œvre*. The ſtair-caſe, which was allowed to be the ſecond excellence of the ſtructure, was taken away by Louis XIV. who has been reproached for that meaſure, although it became neceſſary to his plan for the completion of the work, ſince it obſtructed the view to the gardens: The front is, indeed, extended to more than twice its original length, and the building is raiſed a whole ſtory; but, though theſe improvements have a very fine effect at a diſtance, the eye, when near, inſtantly diſtinguiſhes the old work from the new, not ſo much by its decay, as by its ſuperior elegance.

The celebrated Andrew le Notre laid the firſt deſign of the gardens of the Thuilleries; and, had they been completed according to his plan, they would have rivalled thoſe of Verſailles. They are however, in their preſent ſtate, very elegantly, as well as commodiouſly, laid out; the walk of the Great Terrace cannot be eaſily equalled: it affords a variety of pleaſant proſpects of the Seine, the city and the ſurrounding country. The view from the principal entrance of the building combines, at once, the grand and the delightful.

Singular inſtance of Opulent Infelicity.

Of all the eaſtern Caliphs that governed in Spain, none were more diſtinguiſhed for valour, policy, and magnificence, than Abdoulrahman III. Though he was continually involved in war, the ſumptuous ſplendour of his court and his edifices was ſuperior to any thing the world had ſeen before. He built a new city at the diſtance of about three miles from Corduba, which he called Zera, the name of a favorite female ſlave.—Here, likewiſe, he erected a palace, the grandeur and beauty of which could hardly be equalled.—It was built by one of the moſt ſkilful architects in Conſtantinople, which city was, at that time (about the middle of the tenth century,) the ſeat of the ſciences and fine arts. In this palace were a thouſand and fourteen columns of Spaniſh and African marble, nineteen of Italian marble, and one hundred and twenty, ſent by the Greek emperor, of extraordinary beauty. The ſaloon, called the Caliph's ſaloon, was rich beyond expreſſion. The walls were of the fineſt marble, and the ornaments of pure gold. In the middle of the ſaloon was a marble baſon, ſurrounded with various figures of birds and beaſts, that threw up the water. All theſe figures were of gold, and adorned with pearls and all kinds of precious ſtones. The baſon itſelf was made at Conſtantinople, and the figures executed by the ableſt artiſts there. Above it hung the famous pearl which the Emperor Leo ſent to Abdoulrahman. The other apartments of this palace were proportionably ſuperb, and equally expreſſed the taſte and magnificence of their maſter. In the middle of the royal gardens ſtood a grand pavilion, where the Caliph uſed to repoſe after the fatigues of hunting. It was ſupported by pillars of the whiteſt marble: the cieling ſparkled with the united ſplendours of gold, poliſhed ſteel, and precious ſtones; but the moſt extraordinary thing about it was a baſon filled with waves of quickſilver inſtead of water, which, when the ſun ſhone upon it, produced ſuch a brightneſs as the eye could not bear to look upon.

Yet, notwithſtanding this profuſion of beauty and magnificence, Abdoulrahman was far from being happy, as will appear from the following curious memorial, which was written by himſelf, and found after his death:——

"From the firſt moment of my reign to the preſent time, I have kept an exact account of thoſe days in which I enjoyed true and unmixed pleaſure! and I find that the number does not exceed fourteen.—Mortals! conſider what this world is, and what value we ſhould ſet upon the pleaſures that it offers. Nothing ſeemed to be wanting to my felicity; I had wealth, honours, and, to ſay all in one word, ſovereign power.—Feared and reſpected by contemporary princes, who envied my happineſs, were jealous of my glory, and courted my friendſhip. Fifty years have paſſed ſince I aſcended the throne; and, in that long ſpace of time, it is with difficulty I can make out fourteen days, whoſe courſe was uninterrupted by any infelicity.

GREAT CHANGE OF FORTUNE.

There was a young man in the city of Naples, about twenty four years old; he wore linnen ſlops, a blue waiſtcoat, and went barefoot, with a mariner's cap upon his head: his profeſſion was to angle for little fiſh with a cane, line, and hook, and alſo to buy fiſh, and carry and retail them to ſome that dwelt in his quarter. His name was Tomaſa Anello, but vulgarly called Maſſaniello by contraction: yet was this deſpicable creature the man that ſubjugated all Naples; Naples the head of ſuch a kingdom, the metropolis of ſo many provinces, the queen of ſo many cities, the mother of ſo many glorious heroes, the rendezvous of ſo many princes, the nurſe of ſo many champions and ſprightly cavaliers.

This Naples, by the impenetrable judgement of God, though having ſix hundred thouſand ſouls in her, ſaw herſelf commanded by a poor, abject, fiſher boy, who was attended by a numerous army, amounting in a few hours to one hundred and fifty thouſand men. He made trenches, ſet centinels, gave ſigns, chaſtiſed the banditti, condemned the guilty, viewed the ſquadrons, ranked their files, comforted the fearful, confirmed the ſtout, encouraged the bold, promiſed rewards, threatened the ſuſpected, reproached the coward, applauded the valiant, and marvelouſly incited the minds of men, by many degrees his ſuperiors, to battle, to ſpoil, to burnings, to blood, and to death. He awed the nobility, terrified the viceroy, diſpoſed of the clergy, cut off the heads of princes, burnt palaces, rifled houſes at pleaſure, freed Naples from all ſorts of taxes, reſtored it to its antient privileges, and left not until he had converted his blue waiſtcoat into cloth of ſilver, and made himſelf a more abſolute lord of that city, and all its inhabitants, and was more exactly obeyed in all his orders and commands, than ever monarch had the honour to be in his own kingdom.

This moſt aſtoniſhing revolution in the city of Naples, began upon Sunday the 7th of July, 1647, and ended with the death of Maſſaniello, which was upon July the 16th, 1647, the tenth day from its beginning.

SHERIFFS & CLERK'S BONDS,

Required under the Execution Law, paſſed at the laſt Seſſion of Aſſembly—Alſo, CERTIFICATES for the payment of coſt & charges

For Sale at the Office of the Viſitor.

Humorous.

FRENCH POLITENESS.

When Montaigne was dead, his adopted daughter turned that admiration which was now diſengaged, upon the Marquis de Racan, with whom ſhe yet was acquainted only by his works. Having a great deſire of perſonally knowing a poet who had ſo much merit of his own and ſo much candour in praiſing that of other people, ſhe neglected no means of procuring him to pay her a viſit. The day and the hour were fixed for this call, and two friends of the poet who had been informed of the appointment, ſeized this opportunity for affording themſelves a little ſport. One of theſe gentlemen knocked at her door an hour or two before the appointed time, and ſent up the name of M. De Racan. Mademoiſelle de Gournay received him in the warmeſt manner; he talked of the works which ſhe had publiſhed, and which he had been ſtudying in order the better to pay his court to her. He ſtaid about a quarter of an hour, and left the lady to congratulate herſelf on having converſed with Racan. He was ſcarcely gone, when the ſervant again entered, announcing M. De Racan. She ſuppoſed her gueſt was coming up ſtairs again to ſay ſomething that he had forgotten and was preparing to pay him ſome compliment on the occaſion, when the ſecond wag entered, and paid his own. She could not help aſking him ſeveral times if he were really the Marquis, and related to him what had juſt paſſed. The pretended Racan affected to be exceſſively diſpleaſed with the trick, and vowed vengeance. However, Mademoiſelle de Gournay was better pleaſed with him than with the former, becauſe he praiſed her much more: ſo ſhe ſoon believed him to be the real Racan, and conſidered the preceding viſitor as an impoſtor. As this ſecond wit went out of the houſe, the real Racan arrived, and ſent up his name. "What," cried ſhe, quite out of patience, "more Racans!" however in came the poet: and Mademoiſelle, in a very angry tone, enquired whether he were come to inſult her. Racan, who, at beſt, was not fluent in dialogue, and who on this occaſion expected quite a different reception, was ſo much confuſed that he could do nothing but ſtammer. Mademoiſelle, loſing all decorum, declared ſhe was ſure he was a fellow ſent to make a jeſt of her; and pulling of her ſlipper, ſhe ſo belaboured his pate with the heel of it, that he was compelled to ſave himſelf by flight.

Menage, who relates this ſtory, ſays that Bois-Robert uſed to tell it every where, and that he ſometimes amuſed a company with it even in the preſence of Racan: and when any body appealed to the poor poet for the authenticity of the tale he would ſay, "*Why there is ſome truth in it!*"

A pariſh-officer, perambulating his diſtrict to make a liſt of ſuch of the inhabitants as were liable to be drawn for recruiting the militia, ſaw an old comb-maker at work; and thus addreſſed him, "Pray, honeſt friend, how old are you?"—"Not old enough," anſwered he, "to be choſen a militia-man; I am a mere infant.—Dont you obſerve that I am *cutting my teeth?*"

The late Duke of Norfolk was much attached to the bottle.—On a maſquerade-night he aſked Foote, who was his intimate, "What new character he ſhould go in?"—"*Go ſober,*" ſaid Foote.

A bad painter having turned phyſician, was aſked what made him alter his profeſſion? "I thought it beſt" ſaid he, "to purſue that whoſe blunders are hidden *under ground.*

SELECT ANECDOTES AND SAYINGS,

Of the late M. De Chamfort, member of the French Academy, of Madame Necker, and others.

A King of Sardinia was once told that the nobility of Savoy were very poor. At a certain time ſeveral noblemen, knowing that the king was to paſs through Chambery, came to pay their homage in magnificent dreſſes. The king gave them to underſtand that he did not think them ſo poor as had been repreſented. "Sire," anſwered they, "we were informed of your majeſty's arrival; we have done what we ought, but we owe what we have done." *Nous avons fait tout ce que nous devions, mais nous devons tout ce que nous savons fait.*"

The book of Helvetius, *De l'Eſprit*, and Voltaire's poem of *La Pucelle d'Orleans*, were prohibited in Switzerland at the ſame time. A magiſtrate of Berne, after a ſtrict ſearch for thoſe two works, wrote to the ſenate:—"We have not found in the whole province either wit or maid."

Gabrielli, the celebrated ſinger, having demanded five thouſand ducats of the Empreſs of Ruſſia, for ſinging two months at Peterſburg, the Empreſs anſwered.—"I do not pay any of my Field-marſhals at that rate." "If that be the caſe," replied Gabrielli, "your Majeſty has only to make your Field-marſhals ſing." The Empreſs paid the five thouſand ducats.

Some of the councellors at the bar talking loudly during a trial, M. de Harley, the preſident, ſaid,—"If thoſe gentlemen who converſe together made no more noiſe than thoſe gentlemen who are aſleep, it would be more agreeable to thoſe gentlemen who liſten."

Mademoiſelle du Thé having loſt one of her lovers, and this event having become public, a gentleman who paid her a viſit, found her playing on the harp; and quite ſurpriſed, ſaid to her, 'I thought to have found you in a ſtate of deſolation!" "Ah!" ſaid ſhe, in a pathetic tone, you ſhould have ſeen me yeſterday!"

A lady converſing with a gentleman, ſaid, "Get you gone, you always talk nonſenſe."—"Madam," replied he, "I hear it ſometimes and you catch me in the fact."

A lady who was piqued with the manner in which a gentleman refuſed to marry her, ſaid to him, "You are the ſilleſt man about the court." "You certainly ſee the contrary," replied he.

The manager of a theatre begging the Duke de Villars to forbid the free admiſſion of the court Pages to the playhouſe, ſaid, "My lord, you will pleaſe to obſerve that many pages make a volume."

A preacher ſaid, "When father Bourdaloue preached at Rouen, he cauſed much diſorder, tradespeople left their ſhops, phyſicians their patients, &c. I preached there the following year," added he, "and reſtored every thing to order."

A witty lady, not handſome, finding Marſhal Richelieu took no notice of her at court, but was engaged in converſation with a lady who was very beautiful, but was accounted rather ſtupid, went up to him and ſaid,—"Marſhal, you are not blind, but I believe you are a little deaf."

MARRIAGES.

Long, long may Hymen joys impart,
Connubial bliſs to prove;
For there's no friendſhip cheers the heart,
Like that of mutual love.

Married—Lately, Dr. *Joſeph Trent*, of this City, to the amiable Miſs *Nancy Reynolds*, of New Kent county.

———On the 18th, ult. by the Rev'd Simon Morgan, Mr. *Archer Coleman* of Amelia County, to Miſs *Margaret Quarles*, daughter of Iſaac Quarles, Eſq. of King William.

———On the 25th ult. *Mr. Nathaniel Charter*, to *Miſs Winnefred Johnſon*, both of this City.

———On Wedneſday evening laſt, by the Revd. Iſaac H. Judah Mr. *I. B. Seixas*, to Miſs *Rebecca Judah*, both of this City.

———On Thurſday evening laſt, Mr. *Davidſon Bradfute* to Miſs *Maria Byrd*, both of this place.

———On the ſame evening, *Mr. James Gwathmey*, to *Miſs Mary Giles*, both of Henrico county.

———At Pelham, (Maſs,) Mr. *William M'Fall*, a ſprightly youth aged 100 years, to the blooming widow *Judith Perkins*, aged 79, both paupers.

"If love's a flame that's kindled by deſire,
"An old ſtick's ſurely beſt, becauſe 'tis drier."

DEATH.

Died—On the 24th ult. Mr. *John J. Wiatt*, Merchant, of this City.

Original Poetry.

FOR THE VISITOR.

O Friendſhip, Love, or whatſoever name
Appropr'ate is to this etherial flame
That warms my breaſt;
That brightens as it burns, yet nought conſumes,
But during day my intellect illumes,
And calms my reſt;

Sweet Paſſion, hail! for while in ſleep's embrace
Entranc'd I lie, in peaceful, death-like caſe,
Devoid of care,
Thou wing'ſt imagination, ſpeed'ſt her flight,
And oft thy *fair inſpirer* to my ſight
Doſt kindly bear:

Doſt give her lily hand my touch to meet,
And pour upon my ear, in converſe ſweet,
Her dulcet voice;
Then, O what raptures play around my heart!
Not heav'n itſelf, methinks, could well impart
More perfect joys.

And when this kind illuſion quits my brain,
When Reaſon and Reality again
To action call,
Thy taliſmanic pow'r adds life to life,
And makes the ſhafts of accidental ſtrife
Effectleſs fall.

Delightful impulſe! ſentiment divine!
Thee only with my breath will I reſign,
Nor even then;
For tho'-my ſhade, from *Delia* torn, would grieve,
Her gentle ſpirit it in hope ſhould live
To meet again. Q.

TO HOPE,

AN ELEGY.

Alas ſweet power within this tortur'd breaſt,
No ray of thine with mild effulgence ſhines;
For long by ſtern calamity depreſt,
My hapleſs life in wretchedneſs declines.

From other hearts tho oft thou wing'ſt thy flight,
Thy parting ſmiles, announce thy ſwift return;
No parting ſmile, to me e'er gave delight,
Or ſooth'd the wretch thy abſence doom'd to mourn.

Thy airy voice, which once was wont to ſteal,
In ſoothing whiſpers, o'er my tortur'd heart;
And bid my mind a tranſient calmneſs feel,
No longer deigns the flatt'ring joy impart.

Bereft of thee, thy form forever fled,
May cold oblivion ſoon thy loſs ſupply;
This ſinking frame be mingled with the dead,
And ceaſe for thee to breath the hopeleſs ſigh. *M, M.*

Upon this moſs-bank, downy bed,
O! let me reſt my penſive head,
And cool my burning temple's glow!
Here let me watch the ev'ning ſun,
And, when his daily courſe is run,
Tell to the pale orb'd moon my woe.

Breathe ſoftly O enthuſiaſt-breeze,
Recording with thy ſweet diſeaſe;
Here all is langour, all is love!
Wild be thy murm'ring, gentle rill,
And ev'ry other ſound be ſtill,
I woo no poet of the grove.

I call no muſe, to whom belongs
The tender pow'r of am'rous ſongs,
No art requires the ſoul felt ſtrain.
Ye cooling dews of heav'n deſcend,
A burning heart and head befriend;
I feel alas! no fancy'd pain.

'Tis not of guilt the rankling ſting,
Nor do my woes from folly ſpring,
Directed by a ſterner fate;
By Reaſon's ſelf to love compell'd,
E'en when the laſt faint hope's diſpell'd,
Andpity pours no balm on hate. LLABEC.

SONG.

Tune, Seventh of November.

Now ſweetly ſing
The birds of Spring,
And Nature ſmiles in verdure gay,
The wild-flow'rs bloom
In rich perfume,
And hail the ſtep of coming May.

But wo-oppreſt,
My heaving breaſt,
Can ſcarce reſtrain the burſting ſigh,
And wild diſpair
Excites the tear
That trembles in my languid eye.

Thro' woodbine bow'rs
The ſportive hours
On ſcented wings are borne along,
And flow'ry beaux,
In ſplendid rows,
Rejoice their dew-ſtarr'd brides among.

But I, forlorn,
Behold the morn,
Which robs me of my fair one's charms,
Nor ſmiles to me
The verdant lea,
When ſhe is abſent from my arms.

There's not a flow'r,
That decks the bow'r,
Gives ſweeter fragrance to the air,
Nor ever ſung
So ſweet a tongue
Nor ever beauty bloom'd ſo fair.

But ſhe is gone
And I, forlorn,
Still feel the arrows of her eye,
Whoſe ev,ry dart
Has piere'd the heart
Foredoom'd by heav'n and her to die. LLABEC.

[SELECTED]

The Ladies' faſhionable mode of Shopping

Here comes Miſs *Lighthead*, and her taſty ſiſter!
Jack, off the counter, wait upon the ladies;
Show 'em what they call for, tell the price of each piece;
Do your beſt to pleaſe 'em.

"Have you any cambrics, that are a yard and a half wide?
What's the price of that tape-ſtriped dimity?"
"Three and ſixpence, madam."—"Let me ſee a better—
Give me a pattern.

Have you any ſtockings very nice, with lac'd clocks?
What are theſe a pair, Sir?"—"Madam, they're eight ſhillings."
"I'm ſure I ſaw much better, for only ſix, at *Gilbert's*.
They will not anſwer.

I'll look, Sir at that luſtring—is eight and ſix the loweſt?
I'll give you ſeven ſhillings"—"That's leſs than what it coſt ma'm."
I'll give you ſeven and ſixpence"—"Madam you may take it."
"I'll call again, Sir."

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TO THE EDITORS OF THE VISITOR.

GENTLEMEN,

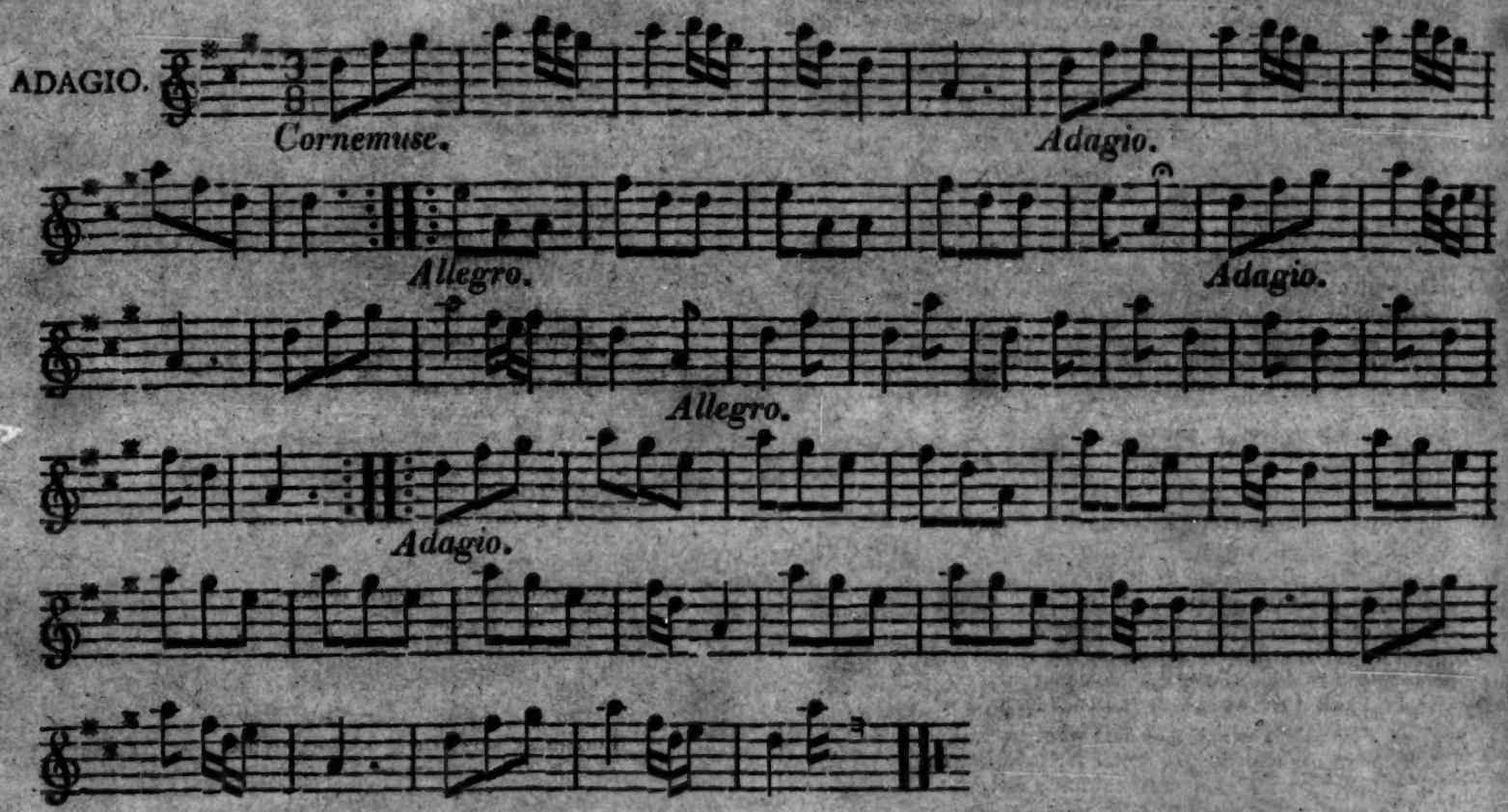
I have received with much ſatisfaction your agreeable Viſitor, and make no doubt but that if it continues as it has began, it will always and every where find a hearty welcome. As it poſſeſſes muſical, among its other, talents, and ſometimes regales us with a good ſong, I take the liberty of ſending a copy of the *Ranz des Vaches*,, with a tranſlation of the paſſage in Rouſſeau's Dictionary of muſic, which relates to that very celebrated Swiſs Air; and am of opinion that if you would allow your Viſitor to diſſeminate it among its numerous acquaintance, it would render its company not the leſs acceptable.

I am, &c.

C. TENOR.

"*Ranz des Vaches*, a celebrated Air amongſt the Swiſs, which is played on the bagpipes, by the young Cowherds whilſt watching their cattle on the mountains. This Air, ſo dear to the Swiſs, was forbidden under pain of death to be played amongſt their troops; hearing it they would burſt into tears, deſert their colours, nay even die; ſo ardent was the deſire which it excited in them to reviſit their native country. In vain do we ſeek in this air, for thoſe energetic tones which are capable of producing ſuch aſtoniſhing effects. That it did not produce ſuch on ſtrangers, could only proceed from habitude, from remembrance, from a thouſand circumſtances, which were retraced by this Air, on the memory of thoſe who felt its force. It called to mind their native home, their ancient pleaſures, the days of their youth, their former modes of life; and excited the moſt poignant anguiſh for all they had loſt. Muſic then did not act preciſely as ſuch, but as a ſign which recalled paſt images by aſſociation. This Air, though ſtill the ſame, does not now produce the effects it formerly did on the Swiſs. For having loſt the reliſh of their former ſimplicity, when recalled to their memory, they regret it no more. So true it is, that it is not in the phyſical action of ſounds, we are to ſeek for their powerful effects on the human heart."

RANZ DES VACHES.



RANZ DES VACHES.

Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour:
Nos claires Ruiſſeaux,
Nos Coteaux,
Nos Hameaux,
Nos Montagnes,
Et l'ornement de nos Montagnes?
Là ſi gentille Iſabeau
A l'ombre d'un ormeau,
Quand danſerai-je au ſon du chalumeau?
Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour:
Mon pere,
Ma mere,
Mon frere,
Ma ſœur,
Mes Agneaux,
Mes Troupeaux,
Mes Bergere?
Quand reverrai-je en un jour
Tous les objets de mon amour?

COW BOY'S CHAUNT.

Sweet, regretted, native ſhore;
Shall I e'er behold thee more,
And all the objects of my love:
Thy ſtreams ſo clear,
Thy hills ſo dear,
The mountain's brow,
And cots below,
Where once my feet were wont to rove?
There with Iſabella fair,
Light of foot, and free from care,
Shall I to the tabor bound?
Or at eve, beneath the dale,
Whiſper ſoft my artleſs tale,
And bliſsful tread on fairy ground?

Oh! when ſhall I behold again
My lowly cot and native plain,
And ev'ry object dear;
My father, and my mother,
My ſiſter, and my brother,
And calm their anxious fear (*European Mag.*